

The Observer

THINGS INTERESTING TO THE DEAF

VOL. VI.

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NO. 157

Several Fools There Were Even As You and I and Jim Meagher

Mr. Meagher's account of his experience in being taken as an imposter as given by himself in a recent number of The Observer is interesting and goes to show just how the "general public" come to regard the deaf through their contact with these pests. His experience, however, is not unique. When I was National Chief under the Hanson regime I had the identical experience right in my home town. I went into a real estate office where I had business and noting that a new clerk was behind the counter I concluded it would be as well to write and ask for the head of the concern. I had no more than fished my pencil out of my pocket and started to write when this clerk dived into his pocket and came up with a quarter and handed it to me, yes, to me, a member of the Real Estate Exchange, the man who started his own boss in business some fifteen years before, to me who he prided himself that he was known to every jail bird, every preacher, every bootblack, every bank president, every gambler, every evangelist, every ditch digger, every millionaire and every female, white or black in the city, yes, to me, National Chairman of the Imposter chasers, to me who had sent forty imposters over the hill right in this bailiwick and had written columns in the local papers. Well, I opened up my "languidge", pure oral and sizzling hot, and when the smoke had cleared away that clerk was under the counter trying to crawl into a crack in the floor and everyone in the office was standing around agap at my newly discovered oratorical powers.

While the deaf people of the state were conducting their exhibit at the State Fair in St. Paul a few years ago, Dr. J. L. Smith, Lit. D. and I were on our way to the fair to take charge of the exhibit. One feature of the exhibit was that we distributed 10,000 manual alphabet cards free to the public. We had our pockets full. As we sat there in the street car talking away the conductor came up and asked us, via the pad and pencil method, if we had any alphabet cards. We gladly fished out a bunch and handed them over and he as gladly handed over a dime which we politely declined, assuring him that he was welcome to the cards, free, gratis, for nothing. He seemed non-plussed and stared at us until we got off the car.

But, hold your horses, we are getting somewhere. Imposters used to visit

Duluth at least once a month and were as regularly arrested, fined \$75, or sent up for 60 to 90 days. For over a year there has not been hair or hide of them in the city. Last Saturday the police station called for me saying they had a "suspect". I went up and found they had run in a genuine deaf man and the judge had already sentenced him to thirty days at the work farm. I got there just in time to snatch him from the patrol wagon bound for the farm. Had no trouble in getting him off. This merely goes to show that persistent and systematic work tells. Keep at it.

The last number of The Observer was an inspiration. It was full of N. A. D. matter of the right kind, argument, boosting, plans for the future, encouragement, argument why the deaf should join and no knocking. That's the stuff. Root, Meagher and Hanson are the kind of men who make it worth while to WORK for the deaf and Cloud is a hustler and a man with ideas and the ability to express them. Then there was Evre Chambers' article also in the right tone. If The Observer will keep up this work and other papers of the deaf will follow suit it will mean a greater N. A. D.

The Association now has over 1300 members and it has fights on in five states. Its work in the interest of the deaf is diversified and in most of the important lines is being energetically pushed. There are some shirkers and some knockers and there are deaf people who can see no good in it. Queer to relate but it is a fact, that the deaf teachers of the deaf in the state schools are, as a rule, the mill stones around the necks of the officers. They are the ones who will profit most by an energetic fight against the oral method and the Day School idea and yet they not only hang back but stick their heels in the ground and pull against the organization. They do not seem to realize that the N. A. D. is the only strong organization of the deaf in the world that is coming right out, flat-footed, and fighting the oralists and making folks sit up and take notice.

The handling of this great Association is no child's play and takes time and patience. There are discouraging and disappointing features that bob up all of the time. For instance I have corresponded for months with a certain capable deaf man who proposed a

most excellent line of work in the interest of the deaf. The plan was all drawn up and typewritten, ready to go to The Journal with this man as Director of the Bureau and his assistants named. Then it was suggested that he become a member of the N. A. D. before the appointment went in and he came back with a long letter to the effect that his hearing son could not see why it was that he should pay a dollar for membership and then do a lot of work for the Association. I took his letter and filed it and concluded that it was a waste of time to have further correspondence with him. The letter was one long whine. But thank God, we have a Hanson, a Meagher, a Root, a Williams, a Howson, a Roberts, a Cloud, a Schroeder, an Allabough and a long line of other good hustlers who have the true interests of the deaf at heart and the grouch and the knocker are all in the game and make life worth living by furnishing an interesting variety.

JAY COOKE HOWARD,
Pres. N. A. D.

AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

Our old friend, Anson Rudolph Spear, the "Sage of Minneapolis," is writing a series of smashing stories in the Seattle Observer. I am sorry that they do not appear in one of the publications that have a large circulation, particularly here on the coast. For this reason they will not be as profitable as they should be. And, unfortunately, the papers that ought to reprint all the interesting things about the deaf, wont reprint intensely interesting things if they appear first in some other paper. Now this Anson Rudolph Spear has the courage to speak his mind, even where he has to take the unpopular side of a question and support it because he honestly believes it right. The compliment I have always valued highest, was one paid me by saying I "hadn't use for things that were sugar and just because they were sugar-coated." I, too, have often taken the unpopular side of a question.—A. L. Pach, in Silent Worker.

Notice to Frats

The Treasurer of the local division of the N. F. S. D. announces that hereafter all dues must be paid on the Tenth of each month instead of the 15th as formerly.

THE OBSERVER

A. W. WRIGHT - - - Editor.

The Observer is issued every two weeks on Thursday. It is published in the interest of the deaf everywhere.

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Ride a hobby—be a Nad.

Five months till the N. A. D. Convention. Are you getting ready?

Bill No. 44, the imposter bill, has been passed by the house, and now that it has a real start, it will likely be passed by the senate also.

Two significant items in one day's news: A college graduate gets thirty days for vagrancy; a former Pullman car porter dies in New Jersey leaving a fortune of \$75,000. Where, indeed, lies the royal road to fortune?

The endowment fund of the N. A. D. is growing into a lusty youngster these days. The report of Treasurer Willis Hubbard shows it now amounts to \$2,538.71. The great increase in the fund was made by turning the balance in the moving picture fund, \$1,582, over to it.

Secretary Roberts, on behalf of the N. A. D. has compiled and issued a pamphlet, setting forth the reasons why the deaf do not want the pure oral method used in schools for the deaf to the exclusion of other methods. The paper was sent to every member of the N. A. D.

A BIT OF FICTION.

The story is going the rounds of the I. f. p. that Charles Ulrich, now a copy reader on the Chicago Examiner, set up and operated the first linotype in Alaska. Ulrich worked in Alaska for a while, and also on the Post-Intelligencer for a few weeks, but that statement about setting up the first linotype in the Northern territory is a pleasing bit of fiction.

CARRY YOUR OWN OLD AGE INSURANCE.

Every now and then a case is chronicled where some one or an old couple well advanced in years have become dependent upon friends, their children or charity for support in their declining years.

Today right here in Seattle there are a few such cases. The remedy advocated by some is a state association and maintenance of a home; others advocate life insurance.

It is well and proper that every man with a family dependent upon him should take out life insurance. But this meets the situation less than half way. One should not consider his duty done with the taking out of a \$500 or \$1,000 insurance policy. It is pitifully small—it will not last the beneficiary much more than a year or two—and what of the future then?

And supposing the policyholder lives to a good old age, of what benefit is it? It simply has been a promise to pay the beneficiary a certain sum in the event of the death of the insured. If the insurance is of the endowment kind, then at the end of twenty years the amount of the policy will be paid to the insured, and that is one form of old age insurance.

The average wage earner is afraid to assume the obligation of having such a large premium as a \$1,500 or \$2,000 endowment policy requires.

There is but one way to carry your own insurance and that is to save, and save as religiously and punctually as an insurance policy premium would have to be met or have it forfeited.

Most of the weekly wage earners today live right up to the edge of their income, and then lean as far over the brink as the grocer, the meat man and the fuel dealer will allow.

We live but once today, and we should enjoy life as we go along, but every one also owes a duty to that day when they will be thrown into the discard as wage earners by old age.

Create your own insurance by putting away 50 cents or \$1 or as much more as possible every week. If the only way it can be done is to cut out a few extra cigars, then do it.

The smoking of a 10-cent cigar means the savings bank interest on \$2.50 that is paid in a year.

Cut out a few of those movie shows that you attend every other day.

Do without one of those ice cream sodas that pays the interest on \$5 for one year.

A pound of chocolates costs from 25 cents to 50 cents. Doing with a little less candy once in awhile will greatly help with that old age insurance policy.

Thrift today means insurance in your old age, but there is no need to carry thrift to the point of parsimony.

However, we don't expect any one to

follow this advice. Those who follow it don't need it, and those who need it won't follow it. Good night.

State Organizers Appointed.

For Washington: Mrs. W. S. Hunter, School for Deaf, Vancouver.

For Idaho: Mrs. Joseph Askew, Box 237, Rigby, Idaho.

For Montana: E. V. Kemp, Boulder, School for Deaf.

All membership fees and dues should be sent to these state organizers and not to me. I shall be glad to hear from any one concerning plans for the welfare of the N. A. D.

Hope to be able to report organizers for the other states in the next issue.

Mrs. Hunter, the organizer for this state, is doing good work. About twenty names have been added since she was appointed. I hope her friends will all rally to her support.

W. S. ROOT.

A CLOSED QUESTION.

The De L'Epee memorial statue project has been under way for over a year. It was popular from the beginning and has continued to gain in public favor ever since. Donations have been received from all sections of the country. The amount contributed so far has been highly encouraging to the committee directly charged with the raising of the funds. Every cent asked for and every cent donated was with the understanding that the money was intended for a statue. The time for proposing the form the memorial should take has passed. Further discussion of that point will be not only useless but harmful. A fund raised expressly for one purpose cannot, rightly be used for another. A fund raised expressly for a statue cannot rightly be merged with a permanent or an endowment fund. As matters now are no such merger would be justified on the ground that one form of memorial would do more to ameliorate the condition of the deaf than the other.

The proposed statue is not to be of stone, nor is it to be placed where it would soon be forgotten.

The statue of De L'Epee in Paris is of bronze and it is placed where it never will be forgotten. Barring some national prejudices, it is the shrine of the deaf of Europe and many Americans have crossed the seas to do homage there.

The "statue" of De L'Epee, "presented to this country by the deaf of France," at the time of the world's fair in Chicago, was a bust, a plaster cast affair, not made to be exposed to the elements, nor to be placed where the multitude could see it. Its "mysterious disappearance" only enhances the need of an artistic memorial of enduring material conspicuously placed where it will proclaim the sincere gratitude of an appreciative people through the ages to come.

JAMES H. CLOUD.

St. Louis, Feb. 17, 1915.

Local News Items.

A card from J. B. Bixler says he is now located at North Manchester, Ind.

Roy Harris has been wrestling with the grip for a few days and had to take a lay-off from his work.

The P. S. A. D. will hold its regular monthly meeting next Saturday evening in Carpenter's hall. The officers elected last month will enter on their duties at this meeting.

Miss Ethel Carr of Bellingham, who came down to attend the frat masquerade, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. August Koberstein for a week before returning home.

The February social of the P. S. A. D. was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Koberstein. Individual tables of whist and "500" took up the time of the guests for the evening.

It is reported that Miss Bessie Maguire of Port Angeles and Carl Garrison were married in Camano. Nothing has been heard from Mr. Garrison "officially," but friends of the couple extend congratulations anyway.

W. S. Root and J. Sackville-West spent Sunday afternoon in Tacoma. There must be something very attractive in this suburb of Seattle, when these gentlemen can be induced to leave the city for even half a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Klawitter spent last week in La Conner visiting with relatives of Mrs. Klawitter. Otto submitted a bid for the erecting of a steel bridge in Skagit county, but the award has not been announced yet.

Mrs. Webster, who has been confined to her house for some time, was given a little surprise party Thursday afternoon by several of her friends who brought a lunch along to help out the day. Those present were Mesdames Gustin, MacPherson, Grubb, de Gork, Haire, Waugh, Koberstein, Aarhus and Eaton.

Harry W. Landeryou, who has been working on the S. S. Sol Duc, as purser's assistant, has been transferred to the Bellingham-Seattle route on the S. S. Kulshim. He is much pleased with the change, as he will be in Seattle six hours every day. His wife is boarding with Mrs. West. He claims business is improving in shipping circles.

At the conclusion of his services last Sunday, Rev. Jensen announced he would be unable to be in Seattle on the first Sunday in April, but would hold services in the evening of Good Friday, April 2. Rev. Jensen has two more missions on his itinerary now, holding services at San Diego, Cal., and Salem, Ore., making ten cities in all, and requiring about 4,000 miles of travel each month.

On account of the diminishing salmon shipments passing over Pier 10,

CLEMENT B. COFFIN
We replace Broken Lenses. Yes, We guarantee everything we do
Jeweler
Phone Main 4324
406 PIKE STREET SEATTLE, WASH.

Bert Haire has been laid off, but has the promise of a job in a shingle mill. While waiting for the mill to begin operations, Bert has opened up a shoe "hospital" at his home and will be pleased to execute all orders left with him. Bert charges no more than others, but he gives a better bargain in leather.

IT WAS WHITEHEAD.

In the account of "My Last Leg of the Voyage" in the last issue of The Observer, the writer left out his signature, but most of the readers who had followed him in the articles he wrote of his trip around the world last year, easily recognized E. H. Whitehead, of Vancouver, B. C. Mrs. Whitehead, nee Annie Munro, resided in Seattle for a couple of years, and friends here extend congratulations to the happy couple.

AN IMPOSTER'S PROFITS.

Sammy Sutton was arrested in Butte, Mont., recently for trying to pass as a deaf mute. He was working the old gag of soliciting money to further his education. He admitted taking in \$30 on two days each, but his average was \$7 to \$9. His real name is said to be McKilla Wood.

N. A. D. BOOSTERS

The Seattle Boosters will meet Saturday evening, March 20th at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Waugh, 2258 15th Ave. W. Take Ft. Lawton car to Wheeler St. All interested in the N. A. D., whether members or not, are welcome.

OLOF HANSON, Pres.

EVERYWHERE.

Kellogg, Idaho.—We have at last overturned the stones that have for some time concealed the whereabouts of Alf (Bonfire) Arnot, and are glad we can correctly direct his friends, who have always found such a warm and agreeable feeling in him. J. B.

Shelbyville, Ill.—Levi Hostetler, jr., moved back to Illinois after a ten years' residence in Oregon, and has come to the conclusion the West is the best farming country after all. While in Oregon he developed two or three farms, and sold out at a good profit.

Broadcast—The Observer is having its hands full; it seems some want this, the others something else. At times it has the sour taste and in places it is sometimes cold. Now we

SHOES

that will give you satisfaction at popular prices

Hoyt Shoe Co.
1402 3RD AVE.

Palace Market Company

DEALER IN
FRESH and CURED MEATS
FISH, FRUITS and VEGETABLES
Oysters and Game in Season
204 SECOND AVE. SOUTH
Phones Main 5 Ind. 5 Seattle, Wn.

PUGET SOUND
ASSOCIATION
OF THE DEAF

Meeting at Carpenter Hall, Fourth Avenue just north of Pine Street.

Officers:

President—Lewis O. Christenson.
Vice-President—Alfred K. Waugh.
Secretary—Albert W. Wright.
Treasurer—Mrs. John E. Gustin.
Serg.-at-Arms Frank Morrissey.
Directors, Mrs. J. West & W. S. Root.

Bible Class for the deaf meets on the third Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. in Trinity Parish Church, corner Eighth Ave. & James St. All welcome.
O. Hanson, Lay-reader, in charge

all like ice cream and lemonade and at times a good big dose of salts won't hurt a fellow any. J. B.

New York.—A. L. Pach, for many years of the firm of Pach Bros., photographers, has severed his connection with the firm and started a studio of his own in the Trinity building at 111 Broadway.

Thompson Falls, Mont.—Frank Adams, our well-known Thompson Falls wind maker, is reported enjoying life excellently up in those Montana hills. He is quite a relief to those who go up in the wilderness looking for work on the new falls site only to be turned away. All report a pleasant trip in spite of the fact that they did not get work. From others who have made further distant trips we learn deer hunting is good around Eddy and Plains, and from both of these places it is only a few miles to Paradise, Mont. J. B.

SPOKANE.

Everybody is willing to believe the groundhog saw his shadow. Some are ready to lay the blame onto the different silent couples who pass their idle afternoons in the suburbs, declaring their big waving signs would scare anything into the earth. Let's hope only for a week.

The Spokane writer as well as the readers of this paper want to know if that linotype operator who does the type setting down in Seattle is German, Russian or English. Anyway, the way he has fixed up the Spokane reports point him out as being far from neutral.

To the last report in regard of Slightam or the troublesome Flea being in the hospital here, we have been unable to learn much except that seven new doctors have made his acquaintance. According to their examination, no teeth marks were found on him so he could hardly be held responsible for biting himself.

Benjamin Weiss has for some time been making Spokane his home plate. He recently made a home run on the diamond. Thompson Falls, Missoula, Wallace and back was the route he covered. He says he is going back via Wallace and we believe some one told him he made the run in the wrong direction, using third base for first base, and so is going to try it over again. Good luck to you, Ben.

E. J. Whipple has been putting much of his attention to his goat which is getting to be a big fellow. Ed has so little room in his barn he is raising it under his chin. Latest reports say it got away only by a close shave.

Everybody had a nice time Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Audley Curl, formerly of Portland, Oregon. The entire afternoon and evening was very interesting. But all felt the time to go too fast.

We are having church services here almost once a month. We do the best we can to draw a crowd. However, if the announcement was in the papers shortly before we believe we would discover quite a crowd of newcomers. Spokane may be small, but it's quite a sized directory to most of us.

Reports say Lister Acker, formerly of California, or Ackerbell, or whose name anybody seems doubtful of correctly knowing, is at Boise Idaho, with his wife and child. Reports from different places say his name is Stevens or Carter. But we are inclined to believe it is in reality Acker. Some suggest that the N. A. D. cop use his fishing tackle down that way and give us light on the matter.

Those persons who have paid any one for The Observer and who have

never received it are supposed to write the publisher of the paper and give him a full description of the mutton chops received from the highwayman. It's no use trying to find this J. B. or Jimmie's Bulldog. All bulldogs like mutton chops and he is apt to make chops out of you as well as give you the rabbies. Better let him chew his own bones. J. B.

Tacoma Rainierites.

Miss Hammond has taken up golf! And so let's hear no more of her taking root, either here or elsewhere.

Mrs. Hutson entertained Thursday club in a delightful manner February 11th. The club meets next at Mrs. Lorenz's, March 11th.

Mrs. Bertram and little Marion visited Mrs. Seeley Saturday, the 13th. Who says the 13th is unlucky? Not Mrs. Seeley at any rate.

Charles Hammond received a New Year's present. It seemingly dropped from the great nowhere right at his back door. And it had evidently sojourned in that mysterious country a long time for its ribs were much in evidence. In its eyes was a beseeching, soulful look not to be denied. So Charles brought out a chunk of meat. The dog gulped it down and stood with the famous Oliver Twist expression. Charles then began in earnest on the impossible task of trying to fill that dog. He brought more and more, and still more. He wanted the dog to depart, but the dog knew better. So at last Charles let him come in and warm his toes at the kitchen stove. And after supper he fed him again. In telling his tale of woe afterwards, he said he'd sooner feed five kids than try to feed one dog. At bedtime Charles put the dog outside and for him and his wife there ensued the sleep of the—well, deaf. Others were not so fortunate. His mother-in-law came over first thing in the morning and wanted to know where that dog came from. It had howled all around the house all night long.

Well, things kept on this way for a week. Then Charles and his wife had a brilliant idea. They walked over to the Foster's, a couple of miles or so, and let doggy go along. (They couldn't have very well done otherwise.) When they left there late that evening the dog was gone. They rejoiced too soon though, for next morning there he was, alert and hungry as ever.

I'm going to bring this tale to an abrupt ending by saying that a day or so after that one of the Hammond's neighbors moved away and the dog appeared no more. He was their property, all unbeknown to Charles. We

don't call that at all true to life. But Charles says it's the best possible ending.

REINCARNATION.

Gloomy Kus.

Much have I read, and reading pondered of the mighty sayings of one Rudolph Spear,
And the more I've pondered, the more I've wondered,
Where his meaning doth appear.

Pray, is it to inform us poor benighted,
That he's a philosopher deep and knowing,
Who great wrongs unrighted, and great Wrights slighted
Would champion with fervent showing?
The great Veditz ever and anon moans
"He's as a puppy chasing its own tail,"
But Veddy is ever digging up bones,
long since buried, and groans
As he gnaws without avail.

May Shakespeare forgive me this rhyme
And my theory, which is this—
Spear, with the ego of Shakespeare, sublime,
reincarnated realizes not that Time
Hath robbed him of his head and left him taleless!

DOESN'T THIS "BEET" YOU?

At the outbreak of hostilities in Europe last summer, when the regular farm laborers had been drawn into the army, a farming syndicate with an office in Paris was informed that the services of a certain number of the deaf from the country and familiar with work in the fields could be had. The syndicate replied that in view of the infirmity of the applicants, their work was impossible. Can you "beet" such crass ignorance?

PITY POOR FATHER.

At one of the hearings held by the federal commission on industrial relations inquiry into the working of some of the so-called philanthropic foundations, John Rockefeller, Jr., said:

"Father has invested \$24,000,000 in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. The securities are now worth \$19,000,000. Father would have been much better off had he put his money in a savings bank."

This will be an awful example to some of us not to try to get too rich on watered stock, but be content with a safe and sane 4 per cent at the savings bank.

Poor father! How careless he was.

Philadelphia.—Humphrey Moore, a deaf American artist, who has temporarily forsaken his Paris home on account of the war, is at present a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thayer. He is painting the portrait of Mrs. H. Thayer and Mrs. John B. Thayer, the latter the widow of a Pennsylvania railroad official who was lost on the Titanic.

Birmingham, Ala.—This town contains some hustling deaf people. The firm of Osce Roberts Rubber Stamp and Printing Co. has to run overtime to fill its orders. H. McP. Hofstater, formerly a teacher in the Alabama school, is a member of this firm. Dr. C. Picard, a product of the Louisiana school, is making a great reputation with his chemistry shop.